

CHIARA CALZA

Sixter Pricks' lyrics book



approved by Chiücken Records

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Approved by Chiücken Records - published by [progetto..esigere](#)

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*It's only rock'n'roll
but I like it!*

Rolling Stones

PREFAZIONE

I Sixter Pricks sono stati, negli anni '80-90 del Novecento, un gruppo blues-rock *underground* milanese... molto *underground*, visto che praticamente il gruppo non è mai uscito dalla cantina in cui si trovavano per suonare, se non per qualche sessione in sala prove e rarissime esibizioni live, fra cui una festa sul fiume Ticino e un matrimonio a Miasino (NO) di cui rimane anche una testimonianza video.

Dal loro vissuto *underground* o, meglio, *cantinaro*, deriva il titolo del loro unico CD pubblicato: *Sixteen feet under, sixteen years later*, una raccolta – postuma, rispettivamente all'attività del gruppo – delle loro – per lo più inascoltabili – registrazioni, scelte fra prese dirette su audio-cassette e qualche pionieristica e amatoriale registrazione multitraccia, con tecniche circensi di ping-pong per riversare le tracce.

Nonostante tutto mi piacevano le loro canzoni – perché le ho scritte io – e mi piaceva la loro musica – perché la suonavo io.

Eravamo cialtrone, cresciuto nel mito di Skiantos, Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin e PFM, conditi con tanto Blues e cantautori italiani.

Io suonavo la batteria, impersonificandomi in Animal, il batterista dei Muppets, ma ispirandomi – indegnamente – a Keith Moon, Ian Paice, John Bonham, Walter Calloni e, più tardi, a Dave Weckl.

No, non avremmo mai potuto farcela... ma con un po' di impegno in più, chissà?!

Questi testi per ora sono noti solo a pochissime intimissime ma *ogni scarrafone è bello a mamma soia* quindi non potevo abbandonarli all'oblio... e spero piaceranno anche a chi non mi conosce!

LYRICS BOOK

Supplements (Supplement two)

Rhythm: rock

© 1982-1989 - Rev.: 01/82 - 02/82 - 22/03/82 - 17/04/84 - 02/03/86 - 17/06/89

*We are rock'n'roll band
don't dance, listen
for more fun!*

We can be hard or soft,
last year we were only soft
and we got a fuck-out.
This year we'll be very hard
and the thing will go
as they do have to go.

We can get soft again,
if you want, we can get in soft
but you mustn't wait too much:
if you wait it could be too late
'cause sweetness can get
harder than solid rock.

We don't think that it's true:
"if you wanna smile forever,
fuck yourself, with yourself"
but if you wanna make him cry
once again, with no pause,
fuck all that out of cause.

Sixer Pricks (Six and another one prick)

Rhythm: blues

© 1982-1986 - Rev.: 17/02/82 - 02/03/86

When you feel down
and everything targets you.
When you're in bliss
and everything goes on.
What do you do?
Six and other pricks!
What do you do?
Six and other pricks!

When you feel hate
and everything seems black.
When you're in love
and everything's painted red.
What do you do?
Six and other pricks!
What do you do?
Six and other pricks!

When you feel another one
and your life is crashing.
When you're really you
and your life has meaning.
What do you do?
Six and other pricks!
What do you do?
Six and other pricks!

P.S.M.D. (Porno Sado-Maso Demenziale)

Rhythm: punk-rock

© 1982 - Rev.: 15/03/82

Ti faccio male,
ti mando all'ospedale.
Ti rompo una gamba,
ci ballo su una samba.
Ti taglio le palle,
te le faccio gialle.
T'affetto il cervello,
scaldando il coltello.
Ti strappo le viscere,
a morsi di vipere.
Ti buco l'uccello,
agitando un puntello.
Ti lucido il petto,
usando un seghetto.
Ti sfondo il culo,
col cazzo di un mulo.
Ti spacco la testa,
partendo lancia in resta.

When you don't know how to do

Rhythm: blues-rock

© 1982-1986 - Rev.: 08/07/82 - 02/03/86

Often you are sure of something
and you feel everything's all right.
You think "well, I can try!"
but suddenly your certainty vanishes
and you don't know any more what to do.

My friend, I say you two ways:
try again or let go the hit.

Often you want to do something
but you're not sure of success
and you like to be certain.
You keep on putting off everything
'till you don't know any more if it's good.

My friend, I say you two ways:
hurry up or let go the hit.

Often you don't know how to behave
and you shut up yourself
but this is not very good.
The main thing is to be one's self
and you'll see the things go better.

My friend, you're all but stupid:
in the doubt let go the hit.

My friend, you're all but stupid:
are you sure to let go the hit?

Lunga è la strada

Rhythm: (liberamente ispirata sul motivo di *The road / Una città per cantare*)

© 1982 - Rev.: 01/08/82 - 25/08/82

Lunga è la strada,
molte cose possono capitare
e se ti fermi,
chiedi subito da mangiare
ma se vai avanti,
procurati almeno da bere.

Stai molto attento,
hai davanti molti pericoli.
Essere in due,
non è sempre meglio che soli.
Se sei da solo,
degli uccelli puoi vedere i voli.

Non ti fermare,
l'importante è andare avanti.
Dietro di te
ci sono diavoli e falsi santi,
non li ascoltare,
possono uccidere coi loro canti.

Lunga è la strada,
quante volte ti sei fermato?
Non si può dire
che tu sia molto fortunato
ma se ti arrendi
allora è meglio non essere nato.

Rising Star

Rhythm: rock / fast blues

© 1982-1990 - Rev.: 22/11/82 - 17/06/89 - 27/04/90

Listen the night!
Don't you hear a noise?
This is (a) magic night,
don't you feel anything?
Look at the sky,
there above, on the right.
Do you see? Some flashes.
Hey!
Two fire explosions.
But what is it happening?
What does it mean?

Rising Star - Rising Star.
A new star brightened up.
Rising Star - Rising Star.
Let's hope it's a good star.

The night gets day,
a new sun shines.
People don't understand
and begin to feel dread.
Down, on the road,
people escape and run away,
charge
USA 'nd USSR.
"Why?!"
Some shouting asks.
But what is it happening?
What does it mean?

Rising Star - Rising Star.
A big star is coming here.
Rising Star - Rising Star.
Let's hope it might get stop'd.

[Solo]

...
Rising Star - Rising Star.
...
Rising Star - Rising Star.
...

There's no more night,
nobody needs it to sleep.
A full-time daylight
for the human delight,
it came to blow out
the dark side of the men.
Do you see?
Just smiles.
Joy!
No more war in the world!
But what is it happening?
What does it mean?

Rising Star - Rising Star.
This is not, a dark nightmare.
Rising Star - Rising Star.
Just a dream I love to have.

Young man

Rhythm: blues

© 1983-1986 - Rev.: 12/01/83 - 03/03/86

You study, you work
but what do you want?
Young man
you live your life,
you spend your time,
what do you want more?
Hard job, big stress
but tonight you go out.

Young man
you see your friends,
you fun with them,
why aren't you happy?

Some beer, some cigarettes
and what else more?
Young man
you miss your happiness,
you forget its meaning,
when will you get it?

Some girls, some news
but they last a short time.
Young man
you go to the same places
you can't get satisfaction
where do you wanna go?

You feel, you love
but are you sure?
Young man
you can be hero,
you may be drunk,
why are you never sober?

You think, you cry
but none realize it.
Young man
you are just a brick,
you are a good boy,
what do you wanna do?

Half penny, two pennies
for your thought.
Young man
you are in love with her,
you are like a hurricane
when comes a time.

Milano (la notte)

Rhythm: rock'n'roll (sulla musica di *Johnny B. Good*)

© 1983 - Rev.: 19/02/83 - 24/04/83 - 06/06/83

Il passo s'è affrettato, non lo so perché,
cammino per le strade dopo mezzanotte,
Milano è deserta da quest'ora in poi
e la paura è tanta di prender le botte.
Ti giri e guardi intorno, vedi dove sei,
la strada del ritorno certo tu la sai...

RIT: Oh no, io non lo so, no
no, non lo so, no no
no, non lo so, no no
no, non lo so, no no
oh no, io non lo so.

Milano quante storie girano di notte:
puttane, assassini e amori spesi male,
e la fatica è tanta per tirare avanti,
cercare di dormire e arrivare all'alba.
Domani, un altro giorno inizierà di nuovo
e mai non si finisce, certo tu lo sai...

[RIT]

Città senza confini, limiti nessuno
ma questa è forse solamente un'utopia.
Milano io ti devo veramente tanto
o forse tu mi hai dato neanche poco e niente.
È bello poter sognare con la fantasia
ma dura è la realtà e certo tu lo sai...

[RIT]

Memories in afternoon

Rhythm: blues-rock

© 1983-1986 - Rev.: 05/04/83 - 02/03/86

Don't say "let's get up"
when you are alone.
A blaze loves a blaze:
They're burnt by ardent passion
and you are not even hot.

There's love in hatred too.
Never backwards!
Don't pass your step again.

Don't say "let's get..."
when you are no good.
You miss any wish,
you don't do anything anymore
and you lack of will too.

There's doubt in doubt too.
Never backwards!
Don't pass your step again.

Don't say "I'm getting"
when you aren't you.
(It) always starts over...
you are just a little dreamer:
it'll never get an end.

There's truth in a dream too.
Never backwards!
Don't walk your steps again.

Don't say "don't say"
when you are you.
Hope's on next page,
if you don't reach it before its end,
maybe hope is the book.

There's not one way only.
Swan can mean:
Simply why again nothing.

In your eyes

Rhythm: ballad

© 1983 - Rev.: 13/04/83

Nothing in my hand,
nothing in my mind.
I wish I keep you,
I wish I hold your hand.
Lookin' in your eyes,
I never see your mind.

Any more on my hand,
quiet in my mind.
Whatever you want,
I want nothing else.
Lookin' in your eyes,
I could get you all.

Something in my hand,
flashes in my mind.
I wish you were mine,
I won't say never mind.
Lookin' in your eyes,
I hoped to see your dreams.

Too time on my hand,
too thought in my mind.
I wish I were you,
I wish I felt your being.
Lookin' in your eyes,
I would come into you.

Big burden on my hand,
big bustle in my mind.
I wish you were me,
I would be me twice.
Lookin' in your eyes,
I might feel afraid.

My dear Mr Hyde

Rhythm: rock (andante)

© 1983-1990 - Rev.: 13/05/83 - 02/03/86 - 26/04/90

Surely, you've looked yourself in a mirror.
Surely, you've seen your face shown there.
But, ever did you talk with it?
It would have recounted you a story.

It's a story you know, it's your story.
It's a story you don't know, it's its story.
When you jump over fire, running away,
you see the blazes but don't feel afraid.

Hey, hey, Doctor Jekyll, Mr. Hyde!
Hey, hey, hey, I've got you Mr. Hyde!

Surely, you've wanted to be another one.
Surely, you've felt to be not yourself.
Well, how many "yourself" do you know?
Be attentive, you can be destroyed.

It's a very old story: as old as you.
It's a brand-new story: never told yet.
People hate you, my dear Mr. Hyde,
you've nothing but to flee and run away.

Hey, hey, Doctor Jekyll, Mr. Hyde.
Hey, hey, hey, you must rebel, Mr. Hyde.

You have ever been shut up in the mirror,
you have ever tried to break out the glass.
People get born and die but you still live.
You're the strongest, you can live forever.

Hey, hey, Doctor Jekyll, Mr. Hyde.
Hey, hey, hey, you can win, Mr. Hyde.
Hey, hey, Doctor Jekyll, Mr. Hyde.
Hey, hey, hey, Doctor Jekyll,... never mind.

Notte d'estate (a Milano)

Rhythm: ballata

© 1983 - Rev.: 09/06/83 - 26/07/83

Milano, Milano città che dorme,
che silenzio nelle strade e alle porte.
Le finestre sono buie e
dietro i vetri quanta gente sogna.

Passata è passata la mezzanotte,
dal balcone cerco qualcuno in giro
ma nessuno per la città:
dietro i vetri nessuno è sveglio.

Ma noi, noi che viviam di notte
e voi, voi che dormite tutti
qui, qui a Milano stiamo bene,
qui a Milano soffriamo insieme.

Cammino, cammino per casa mia,
ogni tanto mi fermo a guardare fuori.
Ascolto il silenzio e
un'ambulanza squarcia il riposo.

Pensare e pensare per non dormire:
quando qualcuno muore, un altro vive;
nasce un bambino e
a Milano può anche giocare.

Ma noi, noi non dormiam la notte
e voi, voi che vivete ancora
qui, qui a Milano stiamo bene,
qui a Milano soffriamo insieme.

Che caldo, che calda che è la notte,

qui si suda anche solo a respirare
e tu speri che piova ma
nel cielo ancora troppe stelle.

La luna, la luna che luce fa,
ti ricordi un falò su una collina.
Ora abbaia un cane e
vedi un lupo dietro allo specchio.

Ma noi, noi che viviam da soli
e voi, voi che dormite soli
qui, qui a Milano stiamo bene,
qui a Milano sognamo insieme.

More games

Rhythm: rap / rock

© 1984 - Rev.: 26/04/84

In this world
everything seems wrong.
People stay
lookin' for next day,
it's the same
and kids wish more games.

So I take my dice
to play my life.
Let me take a frame:
it won't be a game.

Just to try on
livin' with no cry.
Never mind
whatever you wanna find,
it's the same
and you wouldn't war games.

So take your dice
and play your life:
choice your game,
it won't be the same.

(It's) only a joke
runnin' with roll'n'rock
but you say
I should be away:
it's the same
even if you don't game.

So I burn my dice
to stay in my life.
Let me play again:
it won't be a frame.

So fancy!

Rhythm: rap / rock - soul

© 1984-2021 - 25/06/1984 - 22/08/1984 - 25/02/2021

I've time to think nothing but you:
I lose my time 'cause I lost my past.
When I do live, I burn my night
then I die into your eyes.

Quite so fancy!

I'm waiting for the weekend
I'm waiting for the weak, weak end.
I'm waiting for the Big Man
I'm waiting for the big Big-Bang!

I look after your so sound sleep
seekin' the awakening in your hand.
I think and cry 'bout the light,
chattering owls take me away.

Quite so fancy!

I'm walkin' over the distance
I'm walkin' over and over my head.
I'm walkin' off the road
I'm walkin' off my thin life line.

Quite so...
Qui-qui-quite so fancy!

Tell me!

Rhythm: slow rock ballad

© 1985-1986 - Rev.: 29/01/85 - 03/02/86 - 19/04/86 - 28/09/86

The night is young
and you fell
you'll never die,
so byte the road
and taste the flavor
of the crime.
Tell me why?!

Can you see
and can you lie?

A rough Russian note
tells you how hard is love.
A rough Russian note
tells you how hard it is.
A rough Russian note
tells you what I can't say (you).

The risk is high
but you decide
you have to play,
so dare the hill;
leave the bottom
and look at top...
Tell me now!
Can you wound
and can you cry???

A ring can mean
a story you should forget.
A ring can mean
a little field where to fight.
A ring can mean
to find it back to replay the story.

Like a sad thought,
what an error (was)
to miss that flight.
To feel a break
across the heart
while gettin' home
and understand
that many tears
are rising down.

Luisa al Blues Bikers

Rhythm: valzer (sulla musica di *Conoscete Fanfulla da Lodi?*)

© Sixter Pricks, 1986 - Rev.: 09/10/86

Conoscete Luisa al Blues Bikers?
Cameriera di gran rinomanza,
tu la vedi in ogni stanza
col vassoio a servir con ardor.

Lei ti porta il porto e la birra
e tu bevi felice e contento
e vederla in ogni momento
dà la pace all'anima e al cor.

E giù birra
e giù birra
e giù birra,
tu vorresti averla vicina
quella dolce, cara gattina
che ogni giorno impazzire ti fa.

Ritornando la sera a casa,
il pensiero rivolgi a Luisa.
Con lei andresti anche subito a Pisa
pur di avere per sempre il suo cuor.

Luisa non dir di no

Rhythm: slow blues (sulla musica di *House of the rising sun*)

© Sixter Pricks, 1986 - Rev.: 19/10/86

Luisa un giorno
al Blues Bikers verrò
deciso a dichiararti il mio amor.

Luisa quel giorno
felice sarò
se tu non mi dirai di no.

Luisa, Luisa
per sempre t'amerò
di giorno e di notte ti penserò.

Luisa, Luisa
felice sarò
se tu non mi dirai di no.

Oh dolce Luisa
la pace io avrò
quando il tuo amore mi darai.

Per te volentieri
la mia vita darò
se tu non mi dirai di no.

Macchie d'unto

Rhythm: rock

© 1987 - Rev.: 19/02/87 - 24/03/87

Grande cena questa sera:
menù ricco e appetitoso
per conquistare l'affetto
e l'amor della tua bella.

Tutto già è predisposto
anche il lume di candela,
manca solo la cottura
dei tuoi piatti prelibati.

La fragranza delle spezie
giunge in fretta alle narici
e di gioia riempie il cuore
leggermente già eccitato.

Lento sta friggendo l'olio,
pomodoro (e) peperoncino.
Nella pentola a pressione
allegro cuoce l'arrosto.

Ti avvicini per gustare
l'acre aroma del sughetto.
Certamente non pensavi
che schizzasse così tanto:

E non riesci più a levare
(le) macchie d'unto dalla tua camicia.
E non riesci più a levare
(le) macchie d'unto dalla tua camicia.

E non riesci più a levare
(le) macchie d'unto dalla tua cucina.
E non riesci più a levare
(le) macchie d'unto dalla tua cucina.

Nineteen

Rhythm: slow rock ballad

© 1988-1990 - Rev.: 29/04/88 - 08/05/88 - 13/05/88 - 31/07/88 - 26/04/90

Gettin' to the year nineteen-ninety-nine
witches and church-fiend
surely will say you
there is nothing after
as their fathers said
to the stupid people
one thousand years ago.

They sure will say you that
the whole is gettin' to
an undesirable
and definitive end.
Please, do not believe them
they dunno why as well:
they just are living because
someone told'em to do.

REF: You can dream,
you can smile,
you can cry:
you're nineteen.
You can seem, (You may want,)
you can feel, (you may refuse,)
you can be: (you may be:)
you're nineteen.

Nothing of what you mind
could stop in being of your
as long as your great love
keeps staying inside of you.
Just keep your values up:
let no thing destroy them
by choosing instead of you
on what you have to be.

You always felt to be
much older than you are
and now that you realize
you're really growin' up,
you are no longer able
to understand yourself
and what you always wanted
now breaks you in sufferance.

[REF]

You're very young at now,
you feel it over all,
and going to be nineteen
in nineteen-ninety-nine,
last of one-thousand years
passed over another one,
won't help to stop you crying
but to hollar helps, you know.

When you will be nineteen
you'll feel the difference
between the age you have
and the one of Christians' world
as they do feel the weight
of the world they disobey
and think is going to crash
over their empty heads.

[REF + solo]

It takes no time to get
so thirsty as you are
when you just stopped crying
and have ran out of drinks
but hatred only exists
if there is love somewhere
and this is why "one-thousand"
will never get to end.

Over the top

Rhythm: heavy metal / slow rock

© 1989 - Rev.: 17/06/89

What can
do we along the nite?
What can
be we among the ruck?
We can
beat that straightful road.
and see
where it's gettin' to.

REF: It is a great dare
that we can bear
that we can bear
It is a target to shoot
means over the top
means over the top.

We can
fire up the night.
We can
show the power sound.
We can
play the beat of roads.
Let's see
where it's gettin' to.

[REF]

Can you
feel the mighty shock?
Can you
stand in front of it?
You can
take a beat to trip.
Let's see
where it's gettin' to.

[REF]

You can
shake your body on.
You can
beat the night over.
You can
show your difference.
Let's see
where it's gettin' to.

[REF]

Milan city (by night)

Rhythm: rock'n'roll (music from *Johnny B. Good*)

© 1990 - Rev.: 07/01/90

Step is hurrying up, I dunno why,
walking on the road after the midnight,
Milan seems deserted this time on
feeling dread to meet a lot of slaps
watch around'n'round, see where you are
the way back's the one you better know...

REF: Oh no, no I don't know, no
no, I don't know, no no
no, I don't know, no no
no, I don't know, no no
oh no, I really don't know.

Milan: what a story played the night long:
whores, murderers and spoiled loves,
it takes a lot to keep on and on,
it's very hard to get to next sunrise.
Tomorrow, yet another day'll begin
a never ending story ya never know...

[REF]

Limit-less town, no bound at all
this may be only a utopia.
Milan, I owe you very much
perhaps you gave me a little nope.
It's great to loosen your fancy away
when reality it's so hard as you well know.

[REF]

Choc-o'-Late Moon

Rhythm: rock

© 1990 - Rev.: 26/04/90

Like an old Irish tale
full of elves and lot o' fates,
our trip has no plane
'till we get to that land.

't was a long time ago
when I first thought 'bout that,
and the baby inside me
still refuse to grow up.

I'm afraid of the sun,
sweet and made o' chocolate:
I could melt down if I
get too close to any fire.

Your great heating love
anyway just shakes me on.
Please show it to me:
go! shock me on the moon.

Shock, 'till late!
Shock me again!
I like you,
Chocolate.
Shock, 'till late!
Shake me again!
Have a Choc-o'-Late Moon
with me...

"This way, or no way"
must be said to escape
everything we can't bear
or swerves off our joy.

Not for sake of repeal,
neither spoil nor cowardice.
just a choice to be choose
by no(body) else than two of us.

I love you,
Chocolate,
more than other's
Honey Moon.
I love you,
love me too:
Leave for Choc-o'-Late Moon
with me...

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Chiücken Records



I Sixter Pricks sono stati un gruppo blues-rock *underground* milanese ... molto *underground*, visto che praticamente il gruppo non è mai uscito dalla cantina in cui si trovavano per suonare...

Nonostante tutto mi piacevano le loro canzoni – perché le ho scritte io – e mi piaceva la loro musica – perché la suonavo io.

Questi testi per ora sono noti solo a poche intimè ma *ogni scarrafone è bello a mamma soja* quindi non potevo abbandonarli all'oblio... e spero piaceranno anche a chi non mi conosce!

